

**LIKE HEAVEN.**

When you hear of good in people—tell it.  
When you hear a tale of evil—quell it.  
Let the goodness have the light,  
Put the evil out of sight.  
Make the world we live in bright,  
Like to heaven above.

You must have a work to do—pursue it.  
If a failure, try again—renew it.  
Failure spurs us to success,  
Failures come, but come to bless,  
Fitting us for righteousness,  
In the Heaven above.

Do the woes of life surround you—face them.  
Do temptations hover 'round you—chase them.  
He who ruleth over all,  
He will help you, though you fall,  
Gladly hears you when you call,  
From His Heaven above.

Have you any wrong to right—right it.  
Do you have a sin to fight—fight it.  
God, Himself, will help you win,  
Let His Spirit enter in,  
Making right the heart within,  
Fit for Heaven above.

—John Sterling, in N. Y. Observer.

**LIONS AND AN AUTOMOBILE**  
A SOUTH AFRICAN SKETCH

By B. C. Brigham.

IT IS greatly in favor of the automobile in South Africa that it is not subject to the fatal "horse sickness," or to the ravages of the tsetse-fly. As yet, however, horseless carriages are not very numerous there. One of the first was brought into the country by a young English ranchman, named Albert Hill.

In addition to its tank a 20-gallon can of gasoline or oil was transported which for a time added materially to the weight of the outfit. Hill himself, however, weighed not more than 115 pounds, and his entire outfit, excluding fuel, was kept down to less than 50 pounds. The young ranchman possessed the nimbleness which is one of the advantages of light weight, and this agility stood him in good stead, as will be seen.

There were rivers and creeks to be crossed where there were no bridges. Hill's method in these exigencies was to wade across in advance, and pull the automobile over with a line.

A little after sunset one evening, while he was passing beneath some mahoe-trees, a leopard attempted to drop upon him, but miscalculated his speed and landed in the road behind the animal was so much disgusted with its ill-success, or with the garious odor of the machine, that it scooped away without further effort to molest the ranchman.

At another time, while he was passing a swamp which the road skirted, a vulture charged out after him. For 40 yards it was nearly a drawn race, when the motor-carriage showed the better speed and pulled away.

These, however, were but unimportant incidents, soon over; the real adventure of the trip befell Hill after entering Mashonaland. He was now in a tract of country which was remote from settlers' ranches. At a little past noon one day he was crossing a kind of grassy marsh. In the wet season such depressions are shallow lakes, the shores of which are marked by an irregular fringe of m'paine trees. The road was here merely a trail over the water-down grass, but there were neither stones nor logs to obstruct the traveler; and the Little Ajax, as Hill called his small motor-carriage, was puffing forward at a fair rate of speed and approaching the fringe of wood.

Suddenly the underbrush immediately ahead teemed with antlered heads, and the next moment the solitary scout found himself in the midst of a herd of dikker-bok, not fleeing from him, but rushing upon him, running madly out into the open marsh. As many as 200 of the animals dashed by him as he was passing through the thin fringe of trees.

In his astonishment at this unexpected stampede, Hill did not, for the moment, reflect that the cause of it must be near at hand; but the cause disclosed itself promptly. Not 40 yards away stood a number of large lions that had evidently been stalking the dikker-bok. He had hardly taken in this startling sight, when he heard a tremendous roar a little way to the left, and saw another lion even bigger than the others that had just killed a buck, and was standing over its prey.

There was no time to unstrap his carbine, no time for anything. The instinct which prompts the locomotive driver, when he sees a head-on collision coming, to shut off and jump, led Hill to give one convulsive shove at the steering lever and leap clear of the vehicle. His idea was to get into the fringe of timber and climb a tree; but he had already passed most of the trees. The nearest was a large old trunk that had fallen partly over and lay at an angle of 45 degrees or less, its top lodged in another smaller tree which had arrested its fall, and acted as a prop to hold it up. He made a dash for this inclined tree, and ran up 15 or 20 feet to where a large branch rose vertically. Twisting his body nimbly around this branch, Hill glanced back to see what the lions were doing.

Luckily for him, they were being entertained by the motor-carriage.

The machine was still going, and seemed fully to occupy their attention as a new and very dubious sort of game. The movements of the little automobile were somewhat laughable. The hard shove to left which Hill had given the steering handle caused the machine to describe a vagrant circuit out on the veld beyond the trees. There were thorn-bushes, thin, dry grass and numbers of stones in the open; but the Little Ajax was accustomed to such obstructions, and waddled its way merrily over them, describing a circle and coming round again, as if looking for its master and loath to leave him behind.

The lions were clearly mystified, alike from what they saw, heard and smelled. They backed off and came round in the rear of the machine, eyeing it with doubt and disfavor. When it turned they doubled to the rear of it again; and the big lion with the buck, when he saw it coming in his direction, seized his prey in his mouth, and with an angry growl bounded off out of the track of the queer monstrosity. Then he stood up and roared again.

Two of the other lions were not fully grown. Apparently they did not quite dare to spring upon the lifelike yet unalodorous creature, but kept following it, charging close up behind it at one moment, then falling back.

The other larger lions or lionesses squatted at a distance in the grass and watched it. Stones and bushes were constantly deflecting the direction of the motor-carriage; and before long it ran into another larger bush or clump of bushes, that brought it to a standstill, although it continued puffing and pushing at the obstruction.

For some time the lions watched it, but grew listless or indifferent to the performance, and went out toward the black-maned lion with the buck.

He was not disposed to divide with them, and greeted their approach with menacing growls. All four then squatted down to watch him with snarls and anxious looks, and Hill now made the mistake of thinking that he might get down and possess himself of his carbine—as he would have to go no more than 150 feet, and the lions were now three times that distance away.

He fancied that the gyrations of the automobile had caused them to forget him. If, indeed, they had ever really noticed his escape.

But descending the inclined tree-trunk slowly proved a more difficult feat than running up rapidly; when part way down he slipped and slid to the ground, making some noise. Regaining his feet as nimbly as possible, he glanced hastily toward the lions—only to see to his dismay that one of the two young ones had heard or seen him and was bounding toward him; also that the other three had started up and were about to follow.

Nothing remained for it but to make a dash back up the slanting tree-trunk. When about half-way up he nearly lost his foothold, and barely saved himself from tumbling back.

The lion was close upon him. With an ugly growl it attempted to ascend the tree-trunk, and thrust up a paw with extended nails; but it lost its footing and fell into the dry grass below. A moment later it dashed up the trunk again, but was not agile enough to pass the obstructing upright branch, behind which Hill was sheltering himself.

The lion clung, however, growling and snarling with one paw clasped around the branch. Hill could have retreated farther into the top of the tree, but he feared the lion might work its body around the branch and effect a lodgment in the top itself. He had a strong pocketknife, and cutting a smaller limb for a club, struck the lion on the head with it that the animal uttering a roar, fell to the ground.

Inflated by the blow, the beast instantly charged up a third time; but Hill had now secured a good hold with his left hand, and dealt such blows with his club on the brute's head and paws that again it leaped to the ground, roaring and snarling from baffled rage. Its outcries incited the others to make an attack; and amidst a horrible chorus of roars and growls, first one, then another, and soon two or three at a time came charging up the tree-trunk. Only one, however, could approach the difficult point of passage around the upright branch; and whenever a paw was thrust above the branch, Hill hammered it with the club so vigorously as nearly to crush it.

Two of the lions were already bleeding at the nose, and all four appeared to have had enough of the effort to scale the tree-trunk; but they had become wrought up to such a state of fury that Hill had little hope that they would leave the place that night.

A fresh expedient presently suggested itself, however; Hill had matches in his pocket, and gathering wads of dry bark or moss from the tree-trunk, he ignited them and then dropped them into the dry grass under the tree. Soon a ring of fire and smoke began to spread. The four lions finally made off through the fringe of trees, and soon Hill saw the one that had killed the dikker-bok bounding away with the carcass in its mouth.

Although far from certain that the lions would not return and attack him, Hill was forced to descend and run to the automobile before the fire reached

it, lest there might be an explosion of his fuel tank and cartridges.

The Little Ajax was still puffing away at the obstructing bush, all ready to go when released. Hill's first thought was his carbine; but the fire was close upon the machine, and after a single glance about him through the smoke, he backed out of the bush and went on at speed. The lions did not pursue him.—Youth's Companion.

**Her Charm for the Boys.**

"Just as if they act like grown-up men," whispered the woman on the excursion boat, calling her friend's attention to three small boys who were admiringly eyeing a dainty young woman wearing a waist of such flimsy open work that arms, neck and shoulders were all on view.

But the woman did not understand boy nature. From where she was sitting the woman who thought she was shocked couldn't see what the boys saw. It was the picture of a cavalryman, with drawn sword, on the liveliest kind of a horse, beautifully intoned on the dainty young woman's arm.—N. Y. Sun.

**His Eightieth Birthday.**

Monday March 3, was the eightieth anniversary of Dr. Thomas Condon, professor of geology at the university. Although Dr. Condon was at his room at eight o'clock a. m., he had been preceded by loving friends with flowers, gifts and good wishes. All the day a train of visitors kept up, grasping his kindly hand, piling him with flowers and gifts and wishing him happy returns of the day. In the evening a company of about fifty including many friends of long years, gathered at his home, at the residence of Dr. and Mrs. H. F. McCormac, the latter his daughter, and gave the honored old gentleman a surprise. A handsome silver-mounted umbrella was presented, engraved with his name, Rev. Mac H. Wallace tending a happy speech of presentation.

At 9 p. m. visitors were still calling in twos and fours bearing remembrances and words of good cheer to the venerable Doctor. He is now the only member of the first faculty of the university, which consisted, of Pres. J. W. Johnson, Prof. Mark Baily, Mrs. Mary Boyce Spiller and himself.—Eugene Register.

The weighing of the mail matter by the officials of the railway mail service will commence early in March. Instructions have been issued by the Postmaster General ordering a quadrennial weighing of United States mail carried on all railroad routes in what is called the fourth contract section, part of which is the State of Oregon. There will be about 40 weighers traveling on the trains of this district, and they will be taken from the eligible list in the civil service. For 35 days every piece of mail carried on the trains will be weighed, and then an average will be struck, the rate being about \$42 75 per mile per annum for every 200 pounds.

Quite a number of young men who were in the Spanish American war have taken up homesteads and timber claims in the last few days. The volunteers have special concessions in taking up lands.—Guard.

**Strikes a Rich Find.**

"I was troubled for several years with chronic indigestion and nervous debility," writes F. E. Green, of Lancaster, N. H., "No remedy helped me until I began using Electric Bitters, which did me more good than all the medicines I ever used. They have also kept my wife in excellent health for years. She says Electric Bitters are just splendid for female troubles; that they are a grand tonic and invigorator for weak, run down women. No other medicine can take its place in our family." Try them. Only 50¢. Satisfaction guaranteed by Adamson & Winck Co.

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